

Underneath Your Robes

by SS Lupin

Snape. Hermione. Black silk boxers. A tribute fic to what is underneath the professor's robes.

One-shot.

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter and the other characters and places created by JKR.

Author's Note: Ah, the infamous black silk boxers that would adorn our sex god during many a lemon with Hermione. It's cliché that still makes me smile and has been given a tribute (or been lightly parodied) in this fic.

The amazing Southern_Witch_69 beta'd this, and whoever can spot the RENT quote gets a cookie.

~*~

"What are these?" Hermione, who had been unpacking Snape's trunk of clothing, held up a piece of black silk.

Snape sent her a sharp look and went back to enlarging the other boxes and trunks scattered in their new bedroom. "You're a bright enough witch. Figure it out."

"You arse." Hermione threw the boxers at him, which Snape quickly countered with a Tickling Charm. As she fell back on the carpet that was covered with piles of folded black robes, Snape bent over her, hands supporting him on either side of her shoulders.

"Take it off!" Hermione said in between laughs.

"Hmm. I suppose I will." His fingers found the hem of her t-shirt and began to push the fabric up.

"No." A gasp.

"Then what, dear?" Making sure his left hand still supported his weight, he slid his hand underneath the shirt, resting it against the soft skin of her breasts that still shook from her laughter.

"The curse. Take it off!"

"I suppose I could. What was the spell again? *Finite...*"

"Severus!" She shrieked now, arching into his hand.

"*Finite Incantatem*. For now." His nose bumped against the hollow of her neck as he considered where to kiss her first.

Hermione decided for him, bringing up a hand to push his mouth down to hers in a dizzying kiss.

"Should we adjourn to the bed?"

Hermione shook her head. "I didn't make it yet."

Snape lay beside her as his knees began to hurt. "A housewife you will never be."

Hermione smirked, and there was something about that curve of her lips that made him want to end talking immediately. "I'd rather be your scarlet woman."

He sucked her earlobe for a moment and worked his way down her neck.

"Yes," she moaned. "Like that."

As he removed her t-shirt, he conceded that there were some benefits to her talking.

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"So when did you get them?" Hermione, Snape noted, always wanted an answer, even after a sweaty round of sex on their bedroom floor.

"Christmas... 1994."

"They were given to you?"

"By Sibyll Trelawney, of all people."

Hermione wrinkled her nose in disgust and burrowed into his side. "Why did you keep such a gift from her?" A look of horror marred her features. "You didn't... with her"

"Never," Snape assured her.

"Then why keep them?"

"They were silk."

"And black," Hermione muttered.

"It's a good color," he countered. "And they're real silk." Even though he didn't wear them, it was nice to feel the fabric as he rummaged through his sock drawer.

"You have a good point." Hermione sat up and picked up the boxers. Snape watched the curve of her back as she moved until she faced him. Sliding them down her sternum, she murmured, "I like it between my"

"Fingers... I figured." Snape's face began to flush at the sight of her breasts partially covered by the black silk.

"So if you don't like them," Hermione mused, pushing the boxers away from her and folding them into a neat square on her lap, "I'll take them."

"What do you want with them?"

"Wear them, of course," she said matter-of-factly, setting the boxers aside and standing.

"Why would you wear men's shorts?" Snape only half-listened to Hermione's answer as she dug into a box for a nightshirt. Raising her arms high through the shirt, he wondered how he was aroused by Hermione putting clothes on.

"When I'm around the house. You've never been privy to my little habit yet, but I'm quite fond of boxers. Especially if they're silk."

Snape grunted as he stood and picked up the clothes he had thrown all over the floor during their fuck.

"What? Don't tell me you've never tried knickers you were in Slytherin for Merlin's sake!"

"Slytherin is not the house for sexual misconduct, no matter the rumors made about us." He wouldn't tell her about the dare Rabastan LeStrange had given him in his sixth year to wear lavender lingerie.

Hermione shrugged her shoulders. "You don't have to tell me if you don't want to. I'll be in the kitchen unpacking if you need me."

Snape communicated his acknowledgement with a kiss, buttoned up his trousers, and pulled down his shirt. He then began to sort the boxes' contents with his wand, sending stockings and socks to the dresser and robes to the closet.

Satisfied that the clothes had been sorted out, Snape made his way through the other unpacked boxes in the room (bed making be damned) when a black shimmer on the floor caught his eye.

Chuckling softly, Snape picked up the boxers and placed them on the dresser. Then he sought Hermione out in the kitchen.

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Snape didn't think much about Hermione's boxer fixation over the next several days as they settled into their new home. She was right about her wearing them as pajama bottoms; she seemed to have acquired a collection, judging by the different kinds she wore everyday. Some were plain and white while others were... eccentric in nature, one pair having a bright green winking house-elf's face emblazoned across her bum.

This changed on a Saturday morning, however, as Snape worked on his monthly submission to *Palmer's Potion Journal* in his new office. He was editing a rough draft of his research findings when Hermione entered, carrying a heavy looking box.

"I thought we finished unpacking everything for this room."

Hermione gave him a sheepish smile. "I ran out of space in the bookshelves in the study, and I have one more box"

"I have space here."

Snape nodded after Hermione thanked him and went back to his report. Until he heard a swish of fabric somewhere to his right.

Lowering his reading spectacles, Snape followed the sound and was rewarded by the sight of Hermione's bum, thankfully unadorned by any house-elf heads as she bent to pick up a stack of books. She was wearing his black silk boxers, the fabric outlining the curve of her backside.

"You could always shelve them with magic," Snape pointed out.

"And potentially damage some of them? I'd rather handle them by hand," Hermione said, stroking the spine of one book. Much in the same way she stroked Snape's...

Snape swallowed hard and tried to focus on his report. Except that he was painfully aware of Hermione's presence in the room.

The whisper of a page turned as she paused to read from a book she would shelve. The soft sigh escaping her lips as she discovered a defect in one of her books a stain, a cracked spine, a bent cover. A gasp of breath, as if she was about to say something to him but remembered his dislike of being disturbed as he worked.

He was getting aroused without even looking at her.

"Finished," Hermione said happily. "Thanks for giving me some of your shelf space."

She turned to leave, and Snape almost groaned because of the boxers. While they would have hung loosely on his almost emaciated form, they clung to her hips, black fabric stretching across the generous curves of her arse and ending along her upper thighs.

Rising from his chair, Snape quickly crossed the room, his hands grabbing onto her waist.

"This is direct," Hermione said, her head resting back on his chest.

"You're irresistible."

Snape turned her so that he could kiss her properly, starting at her lips and trailing down her jaw and neck.

"Severus," she gasped.

Snape unbuttoned her shirt, one of his own that she was fond of using around the house, in haste, running his hand across each bit of revealed skin, warm under his fingers. Parting the opened shirt, Snape leaned in and breathed on the globes of her breasts. He was tempted to take one hardened nipple into his mouth but promised himself the pleasure later.

Kneeling, Snape fingered the one button on the boxers, eliciting another moan from its wearer. Sliding the button out of its hole, Snape ran his fingers along the front of the shorts, rubbing against her despite the barrier of fabric, his long pale fingers a sharp contrast against the black silk.

"Severus. Please."

Snape obliged her, his fingers sliding through the opening to cup her curls and finally slip a finger inside.

Her moans became breathier as he stroked her, eventually adding another finger, his thumb searching for the bud that made her scream.

And scream she did, a warm wetness dampening his fingers and palm.

Holding her so that she wouldn't fall, Severus stood and kissed her once more.

"Your turn." Hermione's palm pressed against his erection, hot and hard and trapped within his trousers.

"Bedroom, if you please." In his eagerness to pleasure her, he forgot about his knees. Again.

"What got you so stirred up, love?" she asked, removing her shirt on their way to the bedroom.

"Those damn boxers."

Hermione chuckled, then gasped as he pushed her into the bed.

"Worked better than lingerie."

Snape was only half-joking when he said, "Maybe those would be better suited for myself."

He thought her heard Hermione whisper, "I knew it!" before he entered her.

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